

MAIDING THE COWS.

CITY
CITY—

shouted across the field:
"Look here! If you fellows can't mind cows better I will mind them for you. want to have to tell you any more."
"You never told me before," shouted the most venerable looking man in the gro-

On the wagon passed, swinging across the land avenue into northeast Washington soon coming upon another region given over to cows and umbrellas. These commons were browsed upon by goats, which, as a rule,

[illegible]

tions. Women appeared at every door and showed their eyes with their hands. A crowd gathered around the wagon, and I was great wail for Mr. O'Flaherty. After explanation, the horse was induced to move forward, and the tail end of the wagon was made fast. Mr. Einstein's car drove on, when there was a commotion, a crowd, a little distance off, and Mr. O'Flaherty emerged from the crowd, looking at me and strode defiantly towards the wagon. Crowd made way for him.

"What are you doing," asking that he inquired the frowning O'Flaherty, pluming self in front of the wagon.

"The horse was on the parking."

I took the lead, and said, "I'll get it out." So said the gallant poundmaster stoutly, but firmly, as he whipped up his horse and roared Mr. O'Flaherty.

"Much is it?"

"Two dollars," said Mr. Einstein.

"No, that's too much," said Mr. O'Flaherty.

"Yes," said the poundmaster to his assistants.

"Shut!" roared Mr. O'Flaherty.

"Kill!" roared Mr. O'Flaherty.

Mr. O'Flaherty, who had abandoned like swagman, returned to his domestic pug-and-limp gait and speedily returned home for his horse. His man, John, his Rosinante was thereupon released, youth set up again a shout of "Hog!"

Charging over a "divide," neck bent
about forty coves were scattered over
about spaces, apparently unattended. The
shanty in the foreground, and the only
being visible was a woman who was
about the shanty, and the only
shocking high, a skifflet in one hand
knocking the other. Just as the pound
swinging off from the wagon to make
the wagon, and rushed out of the house
the skifflet and knife aloft and screeching
She dove rapidly around the corner
bought, and the other two were
other underwear in her expeditions
Instantly a dozen men appeared and

Presently the hillsides were alive with women and children hastening in all directions to the scene of action. The moment was so tremendously thrilling. The cows caught the contagion of excitement and pranced wildly about the commons. One small boy got his cow by the tail, and the noble animal, startled and alarmed, plunged up a hill at such a rate that the boy was thrown off and lay motionless on the ground.

her, still clinging tenaciously to the tail. The poundmen were active, and, with experience, herded a few of the cows to start off with them in the midst of a and shrieking mob. Some of the men shists in the faces of the party, but off further violence. THE STAR reporter to guard the horse and wagon.

About fifty women who had been running about the field now gathered and moved in a body upon the horse and the reporter. The horse and wagon

rounded the wagon, and all began talking and gestulating. The man tried to call the two women to come to abandon the effort, until sheer want compelled most of the women to stand up. They quickly refused to find that demonstration was intended only as an emotional sympathy.

"That's a poor widow's cow," cried one, holding her hands. "It's like a cow."

The statement lacked definiteness, as more or more cows were involved, but, nevertheless, the reporter gladly accepted this as the fact that the demonstration was intended to show that there was a cow, and it was therefore to see about it, and was permitted to follow. When he mentioned to the manager the fact that the poor widow's cow was the cause of the demonstration, he looked, said: "They are all poor widow cows. We never got a cow yet that wasn't a poor cow. The captured cows were along the street, from one hundred half-grown cows, one hundred half-grown

little boys and girls, all of whom kept their clothes, "hog-catcher," "hog-catcher," and a song of lamentation. The poundmaster, who was wise generally, avoided the labyrinth of the Swanhook, where it was expected that the populace would rise and rescue the man in the herd. He entered the city by another way, and Caesar, with a train of captives followed him to the triumphal car. The owners of the cowboys were in vain for any signs of insurrection on the part of the captives, and finally gave up the chase for their pound dues, and the cattle were driven slowly back to their happy grazing grounds.

Bathing in a Russian Province.
From *Lincoln's Magazine*.

Baths, as such, exist not. There is, at the most, half a mile, or so from the house of

by the upper servants; but it was a corner of hot air and steam, a species of Turkish bath. As for the bath and another so-called *istiridjan* in the *kutane*. Twice a day, at noon and at five, a large, steamy, immense oval brewing-rat, as it seemed, being carried between two servants by the necks of the rats, and the steam being poured into it. It was conveyed to the count's room, and followed by many pairs of slaves, or of slaves and boys, who had had previously been removed. The door was locked, and I was given to understand that I was taking a bath. With faint doubts, I thought I would go. The Count's Courtyard mansion is a solemnity replete far occasions. It is true that the Count's views on hygiene, decreed that he would be to be subjected to the infliction of a bath, and that he would be subjected to it as summary as it was perfunctory. Each was placed in a tub, and, while it poured water, the water was discharged upon its shrinkage, and the business was done. Apropos of this, I thought I would mention a detail, which perhaps may throw more light

Elderly patrician lady, at the head of
in the province, loq—"Baron, you seem
sorts to-day; is anything the matter?"
Baron—"It is true, countess, I do not
well to-day. The fact is, I perpetrated
prudence this morning: I—washed my nose
An African belle, gorgeously attired
red string around each ankle and a bone
the nose, was shocked when she read a
tion of the decollete dresses worn by tri
ble ladies at public receptions in London
said it was "perfectly scandalous."—*New*
Herald.